

HUMOR AS DEPICTED IN THE ENGLISH COMIC PAPERS





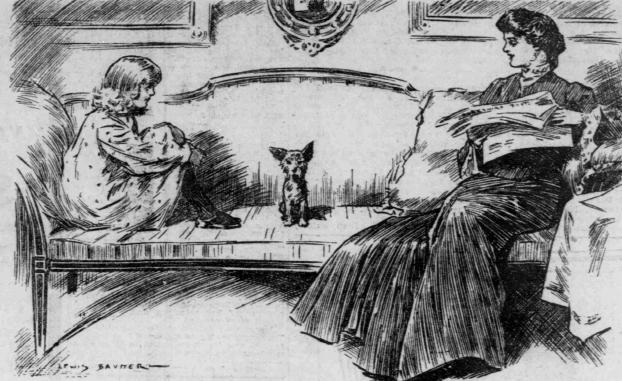
The Charlady (fervently)-Lawdlummy, I wisht I was a lidy tripewriter .- Judy.



Farmer (to applicant for job)—Well, which side uld you milk a cow, eh?
Boy—The outside, o' course. would you milk a cow, eh?

Boy-The outside, o' course.

(He didn't get it).-Ally Sloper.



A DOUBTFUL CHARACTER. Mabel (to mother, who has just read announcement of forthcoming local dog show)-Oh. Mother, let's send "Seamp."

Mother-No, dear. I'm afraid he's not good enough.

Mabel-Why, what's he done now?-Punch.



KILT WITH THE COWLD. Pte. O'Sullivan (doing his first sentry-go)-I'll desara



SOMETHING, ANYHOW.



"I've just recovered from an attack of influenza, with a temperature of 110."

"One hundred and ten! Impossible! You must mean that your pulse was 110."

"Well, that's very likely. Anyhow, it was 110; that's the point."—Ally Sloper.

"Ally Sloper.

AT THE PANTOMIME.

Gent (who has just sent a bouquet by the boy to "The Boy—Well, Hi over card er remark that she'd sooner ave ad a bracelet than all the berloomin' flowers in Hingerland!—Ally Sloper.



FILLING THE BREACH Miss Smythe organizing a subscription dance)—I'm in despair about our dance, r. Brown. So many people have failed me. You'll come, won't you?

Mr. Brown-Really, Miss Smythe, I'm not a dancing man. I don't dance at all!

Miss S.-Oh, that won't matter in the least. You'd help to fill up, you know!

Mr. B.-Ah-yes-with pleasure. I will look in about supper time.



knots?
Captain (gruffly-Toss 'em overboard.
Pretty Passenger-Oh, how queer. I thought the sailors had to untie them during the day.-Ally Sloper.

PECK'S BAD BOY ABROAD

The Bad Boy and His Dad Go to Russia to Stop the War.

BY GEORGE W. PECK.



T. PETERSBURG, Russia.—My Dear Groceryowski: Well, sir, I's bose you will be surprised to hear from me in Russia, but there was no use talking when Dad said he was going to St. Petersburg if it was the last well as the last if a Japaneser in Rome, and the Jap said the war in the far east would last until every Russian was killed, unless America interfered to put a stop to fit, and as Roosevelt didn't appear to have sand enough to offer his services to the czar, what it needed was for some representative American citizen who was brave and had nerve to go to St. Petersburg and see the czarovitch and give him the benefit of a good American talk. The Jap said the American who brought about peace, by a few well chosen remarks, would be



cause dad had a wart on the side of his nose, and he told dad that Russia would keep on fighting until every Japanese was killed unless some distinguished American should be raised up who deemed it his duty to go to B. Petersburg and see the Little Father, and in the interest of humanity adwould keep on fighting until every Japanese was killed unless some distinguished American should be raised up who deemed it his duty to go to 5°. Petersburg and see the Little Father, and in the interest of humanity advise the czar to call a halt before had exterminated the whole yellow race. Dad asked the Russian if he thought the czar would grant an audience to an American of eminence in his own country, and the Russian told dad that Nicholas just doted on Americans, and that there was hardly ever an American ballet dancer that went to Russia but what the czar sent for her to come and see him and dance before the grand dukes, and he always gave them jewels and cans of caviar as souvenirs of their visit.

Dad thought it over all night, and the next morning we started for Russia, and I wish we had joined an expedition to discover the North Pole instead of coming here. Say, it is harder to get into Russia than it would

to St. Petersburg and see the czarovitch and give him the benefit of a good American talk. The Jap said the American who brought about peace, by a few well chosen remarks, would be the greatest man of the century, and would live to be bowed down to by kings and emperors, and all the world would doff hats to him.

At first dad was a little leary about going on such a mission without credentials from Washington, but as luck would have it, he met an exiled Russian at a restaurant, who told dad that he reminded him of General Grant, be-

lunch with us.

Dad could not understand, the change in the attitude of the people toward us until I told him that they took him for a distinguished American statesman, and that as long as we were in Russia he must try to look like George Washington and act like Theodore Roosevelt, so every little while dad would stand up in the aisle of the car and pose like George Washington, and when anybody gave him a sandwich or a cigarette he would show his teeth and say, "Deelighted," and all the way to St. Petersburg dad carried out his part of the programme, and we were Told Dad That Nicholas Just Doted on Americans.

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They make cigarettes out of baled hay that has been used for beddings and covered with paper that have been and covered with paper that has been used for beddings.

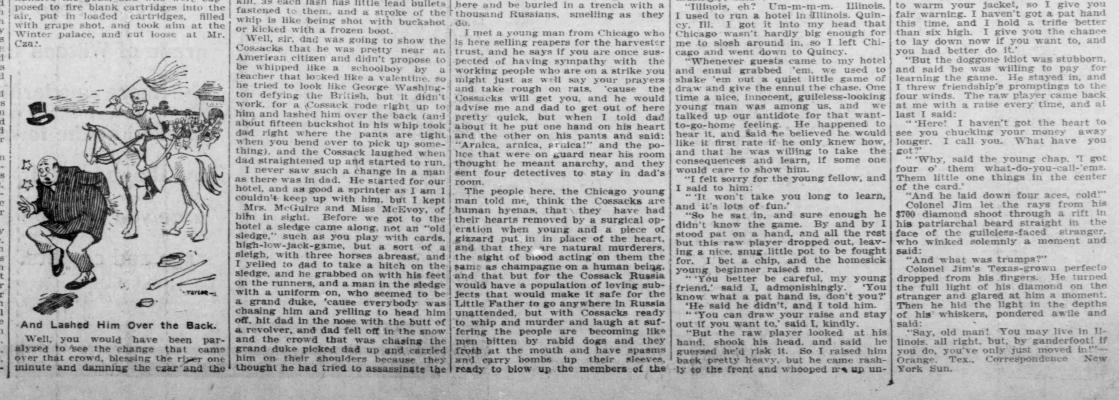
and covered with paper that has been used to poison flies. I never smelled anything so bad since they fumigated our house by the board of health after

ace, where the czar was peeking out of a window, wondering from which direction a bomb would come to blow him up, when a battery of artillery across the river started to fire a sa-



Shaking Dice For Our Money.

lute, and then the devil was to pay. It seems that the gentlemen who handled the guns, and who were supposed to fire blank cartridges into the air, put in loaded cartridges, filled with grape shot, and took aim at the Winter palace and cut loose at Mr.



grand dukes the next. The shot went into the Winter palace and tore the furniture and ripped up the ceiling of the room the czar was in, and in a moment all was chaos, as though every Russian knew the czar was to be assassinated at that particular moment, and all rushed toward the Winter Car.

kite by his own soldiers.

Dad and I started with the crowd for the Winter palace, and then we had a taste of monarchial government. The crowd was rushing over us and dad got mad and pulled off his coat and said he could whip any confounded foreigner that rubbed against him with a sheepskin coat on, and he was just on the point of smiting a fellow with whiskers that looked like scrambled bristles off a black dog when a regiment of Cossacks came down on the crowd riding horses like a wild west show, and with whips in their hands, with a dozen lashes to each whip, and they began to lash the crowd and ride over them, while the people covered their faces with their arms, and ran away, afraid of the whips, which cut and wound and kill, as each lash has little lead bullets fastened to them, and a stroke of the whip is like being shot with buckshot or kicked with a frozen boot.

Well, sir, dad was going to show the Cossacks that have not strong to be pulled off next Sunday. They are going to get about a million men to take a petition to the czar, workingmen and anarchists, and dad says he is going as an American anarchist who is smarting from injustice, and I guess no native is smarting more than did is, 'cause he has to stand up to eat and lie on his stummick to sieep. There is going to be a hades of a time here in St. Petersburg this next week, and dad and I are going horses like a wild west show, and with whips in their hands, with a dozen lashes to each whip, and they began to lash the crowd and ride over them, while the people covered their faces with their arms, and ran away, afraid of the whips, which cut and wound and kill, as each lash has little lead bullets fastened to them, and a stroke of the whip is like being shot with buckshot or kicked with a frozen boot.

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duke, and we were escorted to our hotel by the strikers.

We didn't know what they were, but you can tell the laboring men here because they wear blouses and look hungry, and when they left us the landlord notified the police that suspicious characters were at the hotel, and came there escorted by the mob, and the police surrounded the house and dad went to our room and used witch hazel on himself where the Cossack hit him with the loaded whip. He says Russia with the loaded whip with the loaded whip. He says Russia with the loaded whip with the sassinated at that particular moment, and all rushed toward the Winter paiace as though they expected pieces of the Little Father would be thrown out the window for them to play football with. For a people who are supposed to be lawful and law-abiding, and who love their rulers, it seemed strange to see them all so tickled when they thought he was blown higher than a kite by his own soldiers.

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UNDERTOOK TO TEACH A MEEK MAN POKER

LTHOUGH the stranger had reg- | til things got exciting. I got madder istered at the Holland House as from Illinois, the guileless look his face and the quietness of his "What!" said I. 'Call a pat hand! on his face and the quietness of his on his face and the quietness of his demeanor seemed to indicate that he came from elsewhere. The loungers before the fireplace in th hotel lobby did not feel that they were coaxing guess I'll call you and take the con-

royal family, and there you are.

If you do not hear from me afted you will hear from me, but this is the last revolution 1 am going to attend. Yours, HENNERY. (Copyright, 1905, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

be kind and patient enough to show him how it was played.

Bob Morgan, jr., who exports lumber from Texas, remembered that he was expecting a cablegram from Liverpool, and went off somewhere to look for it. Walter Thompson, the shipbuilder from Perth Amboy, N. J., who is building the big dry dock here, to be building the big dry dock here, to be the standard from the sound of the said he would drop out if I wanted him to build no he needn't do that. it. Walter Thompson, the shipbuilder from Perth Amboy, N. J., who is building the big dry dock here, to be towed from Orange through Sabine Pass, across the Gulf of Mexico and up the Mississippi river to New Orleans, happened to think that he must write a letter to the boys at Perth Amboy describing the sensations of a long ride on the water wagon in Texas, and took his pen in hand to do it.

For the rest, a sense of numbness and dumbness possessed them—all exumple of the said he would drop out if I wanted him to; but I said no, he needn't do that; only he must be quicker at getting onto the points of the game.

"So we played along, and by and by made it a jack. It circled round several times, and at last a couple of kings tumbled in to me, and I opened her.

"They all stayed, and, true as I tell you, I got the other two kings. and dumbness possessed them-all ex-

and it's lots of fun.'

"So he sat in, and sure enough he didn't know the game. By and by I stood pat on a hand, and all the rest but this raw player dropped out, leaving a nice, snug little pot to be fought for. I bet a chip, and the homesick young beginner raised me.

"You better be careful, my young friend,' said I, admonishingly. 'You know what a pat hand is, don't you?' 'He said he didn't, and I told him.

"You can draw your raise and stay out if you want to,' said I, kindly."

"But the ""You know want to,' said I, kindly."

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"But the ""You long to learn, and he laid down four aces, cold!"

Colonel Jim let the rays from his finger arity in the face of the guileless-faced stranger. who winked solemnly a moment and said:

"And what was trumps?"

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and dumbness possessed them—all except Colonel Jim Furlong, who keeps the hotel. Colonel Jim put his \$700 diamond scarfpin in total eclipse behind his prehistoric beard, and, looking at nobody in particular, and apparently musingly, said:

"Tillinois, eh? Um-m-m. Illinois. Quincy, Ill. I got it into my head that Chicago wasn't hardly big enough for me to slosh around in, so I left Chicago and went down to Quincy.

"Whenever guests came to my hotel and ennui grabbed 'em, we used to shake 'em out a quiet little game of draw and give the ennui the chase. One time a nice, innocent, guilless-looking young man was among us, and we would recommend the stayed in, and this time, and I hold a trifle better than six high. I give you the chance to lay down now if you want to, and you had better do it."

"But the doggone idiot was stubborn, and said he was willing to pay for learning the game. He stayed in, and I threw friendship's promptings to the four winds. The raw player came back at me with a raise every time, and at least to said the was willing to pay for learning the game.